BY ELI D. AKE. IRONTON, - - . MISSOURI,

THE SWISS "GOOD-NIGHT."

"AMONG the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland, the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far-famed Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Song, and this famed Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Song, and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valleys, and the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot takes his horn and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as through a speaking-trumpet, 'Praise the Lord God!'

As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring huntsmen, they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence

mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence at length settles over the scene. All the huntsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads Meantime, it has become quite dark.

"Good-night! at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. 'Good-night!' again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of the huntsmen, and the rocky cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings and to rest."

Now somber-hued twilight adown the Swis valley
Her soft, dowy mantle has silently spread,
Still kissed by the sun-rays, how grandly and
brightly The snowy-crowned summits lift far over-head!

"Tis the sweet "Alpine hour," when the night is descending To broad o'r the homes where the cottagers dwell: And the sweet Ranz des Vaches no longer blending With silence—'tis evening, the time of fare-

And yet once again the huntsman is taking His trumpet-toned horn from its hook o'er Hark! All the rapt silence its music is wak ing"Praise the Lord God, evermore!"

Clear, sharp and distinct, down the moun tains repeating, In solemn succession voice answereth voice, Till e'en the lost chamois will hush his wild And the heart of the forest awake and re-

Still higher and higher the anthem is ringing, It rolls like a pæan of triumph above, Till ev'ry grand summit and tall peak is sing-While bathed in the smile and the halo of

O magical hour! O soul-offered duty! Solemn, instructive, its noble refrain; What an exquisite scene, when God's rainbow of beauty Speaks the language of promise to mortals

And when all the glory of sunset has faded
From cloud-piercing heights, and the stars
twinkle out,
How mellow the echo of "Good-night," re-

To ev'ry lone dwelling with musical shout The chain of affection to God and each other So perfectly linking and welding aright:
When fondly the accents—"Hail, neighbor and brother!"

Melt in the broad air with—"Good-night, friend, g-o-o-d-n-1-g-h-t!"

—George Bancroft Grifith, in St. Nicholas.

A WOMAN'S SYMPATHY,

And What Came of It.

"WHERE are you going, Nellie?" It was a woman of apparently some sixty years, who asked this question of a young girl who stood before a small mirror adjust-

Don't know," was the sulky answer. "You will be to home 'fore dark, won't yer'" continued the woman, whom we shall call Mrs. Melton, as she raised her spectacled eyes to the girl's face, in a gaze that she meant should be pleading, but which was decidedly reproachful.

"Don't know whether I shall or not. I haven't made up my mind 'bout what I s'il do to fur ahead," was the muttered answer, the girl gave her head a contemptuous

You know I s'll be worried 'bout ye, Ne lie, if yer not 'n the house afore dark."
To this Miss Nellie deigned no reply, except to flash a defiant glance at Mrs. Melton thrugh the little mirror. Gathering her blak and white worsted shawl about her dasioned kitchen, and passed out of the dor, which opened upon the porch, as they caled it. Said porch consisting only of a rogh board floor and a rude bench built under a fine maple tree, which grew in the artle formed by the ell and the main body

Irs. Melton followed her, with her eyes, though the open door, as she moved briskly aling the path running westward through th green field, to the main road half a mile diant. The sinking sun cast a golden glow or the landscape, toning down distinctive cors, and so blending the hues of earth at sky that the little figure of the girl, clad in ark contrasting hues, became a promi-net feature in the near view. This golden y also had the effect of heightening and utifying her tiny form. Mrs. Melton, ever, saw nothing of this. She had no for the varied pictures that nature was tinually presenting to her careless gaze. h behind, simply to determine what the ther was to be, so far as it had to do with laying plans for farm-work. Work, the this was the key-note of her every hight and every act from one year's end nother. At this moment she was looking ply at the girl, not at what was beyond, around her, in order to make sure that was well beyond hearing before she freed mind to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dales, had heard the colloquy between herself "Nell." "Nell" was what she invariacalled her, except on the rare occasions on she was moved to make a pretense of liness or solicitude for the girl. Preses of this kind were all worse than lost Nell however for she held the utmost. en she was moved to make a pretense of diness or solicitude for the girl. Pre-ses of this kind were all worse than lost in Nell, however, for she held the utmost empt for every thing of the sort, and jade at that age." did not hesitate in expressing it, usually. It does beat all how that girl carries on," an Mrs. Melton, presently. "I never ight I should raise up a girl to be so as she is.

's son who lives right across the field, in smart lookin', white house yonder. t smart lookin', white house yonder. The provided an painted brown. They got it is natural for us to love one who is good to us; and it is equally natural for us to try to make that loved one happy."

"Wall, I dunno bout that," said Mrs. Melton, with a forced laugh. "I never loved any body over much, I guess. It ain't the nature of our family to do so, I reckon. Leastwise, I never thought much about whether I loved any body. Sich things also ood a barn as old Lynn has got, only it's gled instead o' clapboarded, an' it's tewashed instead o' bein' painted brown. I've got a good stock o' cattle, an' I've grander, holier meanings than any word I ever heard or ever expect to hear," said Mrs. money at interest, too, though I don't Dales, with earnestness impressing every o' that ter every one," and Mrs. Melton lineament of her fair, round face. "How ked at her sister-in-law in a patronizing
"But, as I was sayin'," she continued,
is Mell Lynn—yer see he's the only child
ne Lynns over yonder, he's been a makin' be Lynns over yonder, ne's been a makin' ever court Nell for nearly a year—that is, come here every day, an' sometimes or three times; an'they've sot out on the ch, under the maple tree, till nine or ten bek of evenin's. An' then we'd hear, arrards how he'd be galavantin' with the related to the rillage avery change he

From County Register that belonged to such poor trash as she did. Why, bless your soul! when I took that girl, she hadn't a rag o' close fit to be seen—not a cloak nor bonnet of any kind 'cept a pink cal-ico and sun bonnet. Her father was drunk when I went after her, an' her mother was as shiftess a lookin' soul as you ever sot eyes on. But Nell turned out to be smart as a steel trap; ef she hadn't a been I shouldn't a kept her till this day, I tell ye. Why, she was only five years old when I got her, an' she could do lots o' chores then—yes, Nell is smart, if she is a sassy trollop. When she was little and I could put the stick on her, I could keep her in her place; but sence she's been agoin' with that feller I couldn't make her pay any attention to a word I said."

"You took her at such an early age that it would be quite natural for her to regard you

would be quite natural for her to regard you as a mother. It may be that there is some fault—in—your—management. We are none of us quite perfect in wisdom yet, you know," and Mrs. Dales looked up at her sister in law with a Dales looked up at her sister in law with a Dales looked up at her sister.

ter-in-law with a pleasant smile.

"As for my management of Nell," said
Mrs. Melton sharply, while she clicked her
knitting needles with increased vigor, "I have treated her as well as my father and mother treated me, or any o' the rest o' the family. They made us mind, and what is more, they made us work. They never told

us to do a thing twice; if we didn't mind the first command, the rod came next; an' it warn't long a comin', I tell ye."

Though Mrs. Dales never looked up from her sewing, she felt the full force of the nod and wink which emphasized Mrs. Melton's considered with the sewing in the

concluding remark; it was all conveyed in the tone of her voice. "And you can see no fault in this sort of treatment?" she mildly queried, after a little interval, as she raised her calm blue eyes to meet the sharp, nervous gaze of Mrs. Melton. She knew she was rasping the self-compla-cency of her sister-in-law, but she was willing to risk this in order to learn something of the influence which had been brought to bear upon Nell in whom she had become interested, during the few days she had been visiting in Mrs. Melton's family.

Mrs. Melton paused in her knitting and settled herself back in her arm-chair with an

extremely self-satisfied air, as she said: "Wall, you know what a likely family my folks raised. Every one on 'em is well off. They're great workers and save every cent. To be sure, they're not great for gettin' mar-ried an' havin' a house full o' young ones to take care on. Only me an' James, that's your man, out of a family o' nine was fool enough to marry. Wish I had children, do you say? Wall, now, I didn't used ter want any; but I've thought sence Mr. Melton died, nigh on ter two years ago, an' sence Nell carried on so, that twould a been a fine thing if I had some one o' my own flesh an' blood to take care on me in my old age, an' heir my prop-

erty. I can't help rememberin' that when I'm gone, them as I don't care nothin' about will git my hard-earned savin's, an' scatter 'em to the four winds of heaven, mebbe."
Mrs. Melton sighed and looked out of the open window at the harvesters at work the open window at the harvesters at work in her fertile fields, with reflective sadness.

"Yes," she slowly resumed, "every one on us own nice farms, every one 'cept your man," turning to Mrs. Dales. "He's the poorest o' the lot. He never was quite like the others; he was the youngest, and was softer like—allers wanted to be givin' away all he could lay his hands on. We older ones could beg from him his very last mouthful. But he was only a baby when our mother But he was only a baby when our mother died, and, mebbe, we girls were more tender of him than mother was to us. She never

spent any time foolin' over her young ones. She had too much work to do. She never was known to kiss one on us." Mrs. Dales looked up in astonishment.
"It can not be," she murmured.
"Fact. I was the oldest, an' ef she'd ever kissed one on us I should a been likely to she called her.
know it. We warnt fussed over, as young Of the imme ones are now-days. We had corn-bread and mrs. Dales had not the slightest inkling, be-porridge 'nough to make us tough and stout. porridge 'nough to make us tough and stout, an' close 'nough ter keep us from sufferin' 'cept a few weeks in the winter time, when we was sent to school. We learned ter read an' write an' cipher—an' that's all I've ever ried that very evening. His bride to be was had any perticular need o' knowin'. Now, I've done as well, an' even better, by Nell than that, 'an you can see that she don't even thank me for't. I'm sure, instead o' feelin' myself ter blame for not doin' better by her, I think I've done a blessed sight better'n she ever desarved. The sassy trollop."
"But, don't you think," said Mrs. Dales,
"that if you had treated Nell more lovingly when she was small and craved love, as all children do, that she would have been more attached to you, and would have treated you

more considerately now? I have noticed that she does not seem to have the slightest affection for you." she's jest gone wild. If she was my own child I'd warm her back with it now. Why, I know ef one of us had dared ter talk to my father or mother as she does to me, they'd 'a' took the horse-whip to us."

"Well, for my part, I think you have used the stick altogether too freely," said Mrs. Dales, with more warmth than she had yet shown. "Children are not dogs who will love us when we ill treat them. That love begets love is an unalterable law, and in none of the relations of life is it more strikingly noticeable than in our relations with children. I believe that we reap what we sow. If we treat children kindly during the helpless years of their childhood, we shall receive kindness in return. But if we abuse our power when they are too young to resist us, what can we expect but that they looked at the grand amphitheater of and searched the gorgeous clouds piled grow older. We can win a child's love, or we can repress it. Nothing is more easy than the former for an affectionate nature; but a person who has no inherent love for the little ones who fall to their care, can, by studied kindness and unvarying gentleness of manner toward them, in time bind their tender hearts to themselves in a strong and and enduring attachment. Children crave

her at five, and she was an impudent little

"She had, doubtless, been neglected from earliest infancy; but, to apply my remarks particularly to your case, I will say in plain words that if you had cultivated her affections, drawn out her love by unceasing kind-How old is she?"

Jest seventeen: an' Mell Lynn—he's the long years that you have had her under your care, she would, no doubt, have treated you now with loving devotion. Of course, you know from your own experience that it

nature of our family to do so, I reckon.
Leastwise, I never thought much about
whether I loved any body. Sich things allers seemed to me kind o' soft."

"On the contrary, the word 'love' to me has grander, holier meanings than any word I can it be otherwise, when I am assured in that Book that you and I prize above all others, that God is Love?"

sards how he'd be ga'avantin' with the sown to the village every chance he d get. An' when the boys that work for would tell Nell on't sh'd be just good for hin', an' her eyes would look all red an' lled from cryin' till she see Mell, an' he'd wer her over, an' make her believe he'd er cared a jack-straw for the rest o' the rared a jack-straw for the rest o' the ger and till she jest told me I might talk till msday and it wouldn't do any good. I her Mell Lynn wouldn't marry a girl

who ever offered her the love her soul craved. there was a tumultuous over-flow of the long-concealed passions of her stormy nature. She was, as you say, seemingly crazed.
Every other interest was immediately
lost sight of. The new bliss of feeling herself beloved was as eestatic as to defy concealment. She was rendered incapable of even pretending to be her former self."

"La, how you do take on!" was the cold shower that Mrs. Dales's enthusiatic spirit received at this point. "You raelly make Nell out ter be a wonderful cretur—the sassy jade."

"Really, Mrs. Melton, I do not think you understand the girl."
"Wall, I don't keer 'f I don't—the sassy

trollop!" Mrs. Dales's only reply was a deep sigh, and Mrs. Melton, evidently not caring to pursue the subject further, carefully rolled up her knitting, then arose and commenced

brisk preparations for supper.

That night, though Mrs. Dales retired at nine o'clock, as was the custom in this New England farm-house, she could not sleep. She lay thinking of Nell, and wondering where she could be so late in the evening alone; for the hours sped on, and when the old clock in the kitchen struck eleven she

Presently, however, she heard footsteps upon the path leading to the back porch, and, softly pushing aside the curtain, she looked out, and saw, in the moonlight, Nell, in the company of a young man, whom she took to be Meil Lynn, approaching.
"Oh, if that were my daughter," she thought, "what would I do! So young, and ignorant, and loving that, I fear, unworthy fellow. Heaven protect her!"

It seemed as if the minutes were hours that Men Dales waited for the whispering

that Mrs. Dales waited for the whispering beneath her window to cease. She could hardly restrain herselt from calling the girl to come in. But when, at length, the clock called out the midnight hour, the soft click of the door-latch and the sound of retreating footsteps indicated that the couple had parted. A few moments later, as Nell crept softly past the door, she heard a stifled sob. "Poor girl," thought the kind-hearted wo-man, "she is in trouble and has not one soul to confide in, or advise her. I wish she

would let me help her in some way."

The next morning Nell did not come down stairs at her usual hour to assist in getting breakfast, and when Mrs. Melton started to call her, Mrs. Dales offered to go instead. She found her with her eyes red and swollen from weeping, and looking as if she had not slept a moment all night. When she saw Mrs. Dales she covered her face with the bed-clothes, and remained in sullen silence. But the good woman was not thus to be discouraged from trying to comfort the disconsolate creature. She seated herself on the edge of the bed and commenced stroking, with her soft, magnetic fingers the bit of her forehead that was visible above the bed-clothes, trying to soothe her at the same time with words of tenderness and sympathy. But the girl made no other response to the kindness of her new friend than by now and then bursting into fresh sobs. By and by Mrs. Dales left her, but only to return after a little space with a tray upon which she had arranged quite a tempting breakfast. This she urged Nell to eat in her most per-suasive voice and manner; but she would neither taste a morsel, nor would she speak. She was, to say the least, most disagreeably sullen. Mrs. Dales's persistent kindness and forbearance, however, were equal to her stubbornness. In truth, she felt such a keen sympathy for the poor young creature's poignant grief, and, withal, was harrassed by poignant grief, and, withal, was harrassed by such fear that she would commit some rash and desperate act, that she never thought of resenting any repulse she might receive from the thoughtless and imprudent "child," as she called her.

"La, me!" she began, as soon as she had laid aside her bonnet and was comfortably seated in a big easy-chair which Mrs. Dales had, with difficulty, induced her to accept —She "wasn't used ter sich things," she

Of the immediate cause of her trouble, arose in her mind, until, when the day was well advanced, one of the farm boys who had been to the village of an errand, brought the news that Mell Lynn was going to be marnied that very evening. His bride to be was ried that very evening. His bride to be was red to medical men as "beriberi," is of East to medical men as "beriberi," is of East fiddle. An' there's Mell Lynn, a shiftless, fiddless, fiddless, fiddless, fiddless, fiddless, fiddless, fiddless, f news that Mell Lynn was going to be married that very evening. His bride to be was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and was also the village school-teacher. Mrs. Dales drew a long breath of relief, as she heard this news. In her heart, she thanked God that Nell was thus to be freed from the unhappy thralldom of this unprincipled fellow's society. She mentally resolved to guard the girl with unceasing vigilance until she should become more accustomed to her disappointbecome more accustomed to her disappointment, or until her mind should be able to adjust itself to the changed conditions of her

She had too clear an insight into human more considerately now? I have noticed that she does not seem to have the slightest affection for you."

"No," Mrs. Melton replied, "she don't appear to have the least atom of feeling for me now, an' never did She's allers been high-tempered and head-strong, an' nothin' high-tempered and head-strong, an' nothin' to throw off the incubus that was weighing but the stick would ever keep her in her place; now she's got so big I can't use that, somewhat alarming degree, bewildering her

mind. As the day waned, and the early hours of evening wore on, Mrs. Dales felt the increasing necessity of, by some means or other, inducing Nell to sleep. She was every hour growing more delirious and feverish.

"She must sleep," she said to herself, as she went to a little medicine-chest which she always kept near at hand, and taking out a small vial, she poured therefrom a white powder, which she prevailed on Nell to swallow in the cold water she was constantly begging for.

Mrs. Dales watched anxiously till she saw her patient sink into a heavy, unbroken slumber; and then, as it was drawing to-ward midnight of this, the second night of her vigil, she lay down beside her and slept. It was long after the sun was up the next morning when Nell awoke. Mrs. Dales, who was sitting in a low rocker by her bed-side, noticed with satisfaction that a calm, intelligent look shone in the round black eyes which had glittered with delirious excite-ment the day previous; also that the cheek, which had been burning with fever, was now pale and cool. Her mind seemed not to revert at once to her trouble, for the first words she spoke had all the old impetuous

"Oh, dear! I'm half starved!" she exclaimed with a yawn; "I do feel so—so somehow at my stomach." But the next moment the past came rushing in upon her, and suddenly tarowing up her brown hands, she clasped them over her forehead tightly, of prescience first obtained recognition, murmuring in accents of real pain, dear, dear."

Mrs. Dales quietly handed her some gruel she had already at hand, and when Nell had partaken of all that she desired, which, how-ever, was but little, she began to unfold a plan which she had been maturing the last two days concerning her future.

"I want you to get well right away," said Mrs. Dales, cheerfully; "for I have made up my mind to take you home with me, if you are willing to go."

Nell opened her eyes wide, and stared at Mrs. Dales incredulously.

"What in the world do you want of me?" she exclaimed. "Listen, and I will tell you all about it," replied Mrs. Dales, pleased that she was able to call her thoughts from her trouble for a moment. "I live in a pleasant village in Western Massachusetts, where there are

nice schools; and having obtained the con-sent of Mrs. Melton to part with you, I pro-pose to take you to my home and have you go to school for two or three years—perhaps longer, if you desire." "How can I pay you?" questioned Nell, still staring at her friend doubtfully.
"I ask no pay except such as you will like to give me in helping about the house. I have no family except my husband, and it will be a pleasure to have a young person in our house. I shall be disappointed if you do not decide to go with me," and Mrs. Dales looked at the young girl questioningly.

desperately; then burst into a fresh passion And so it came about that when Mrs. Dales started for home a few days later, she was accompanied by Nell, who still showed traces of her recent struggle in the somewhat haggard expression of her countewhat haggard expression of her countries, and in her unusually subdued demeanor. It was no easy task that our friend had set herself to perform, in reforming, or remodeling the character of her rather, remodeling the character of her protege. To teach her to concentrate her

"' I'll go anywhere you are a mind to take me, if it's to the end o' the earth," said Nell

wandering thoughts upon her books, to refine her language and manners, was a work and a care that nothing short of a dominant desire to benefit the girl would have induced her to persevere in. In her secret soul, she her to persevere in. In her secret soul, she oft-times, during the first year, felt well nigh discouraged at Nell's waywardness and lack of interest in her new occupations. But as, by slow degrees, affection for her benefactress strengthened in her breast, and confidence in her superior judgment grew into a governing force, she became more docile under restraint, and put forth honest efforts to master lessons assigned her.

At the close of the first year, looking backward, Mrs. Dales could see that there had been a positive improvement: though she

been a positive improvement; though she was, at the same time, forced to admit that it, by no means, equaled her hopes. But the fact had long ago sunk deep into her heart that faithful, persevering endeavor in the pursuit of a worthy purpose, must bring about something akin to adequate results, about something akin to adequate results, either in the near or remote future. This truth had encouraged her to undertake and carry through many a noble work in the long years gone by; and it did not fail her now. If she could not succeed in helping Nell to be the truly refined and cultivated woman she desired, she would still strive to bring about the little improvement which was possible year by year. And so she persevered in her unselfish labors for seven long years—until her brown hair showed plentiful threads of white, her blue eye had plentiful threads of white, her blue eye had lost something of its brightness, and her fair complexion was marred by the lines and sal-

complexion was marred by the lines and sallowness of age.

To Nell, the years had brought even greater changes. In truth, the girl of seventeen was hardly recognizable in the matured woman of twenty-four. Seven years of uninterrupted study, and constant association with a strong and noble character, such as was pales page and had proven efficient Mrs. Dales possessed, had proven efficient means in aiding her intellectual and moral forces to attain a high degree of development. To the rude charms of her early girlhood were, at length, added refinement of thought and manner; and, to Mrs. Dales's great satisfaction, the indefinable graces of mental culture lent to her presence their unrivaled influence

It was a happy day to both Nell and her benefactress when the Faculty of the Semi-nary, where she had been a student four years, granted to her her hard-earned diploma. But a still greater and wholly unex-pected pleasure was in store for them in the note that came, a week later, from the trustees who had witnessed Nell's examination, offering her the position of teacher where she had been so recently a pupil. This mark of confidence in Nell's ability and acquirements was a complete surprise to Mrs. Dales,

and it seemed to her generous soul a greater reward than she deserved for the part she had taken in shaping her course.

It was at the close of the spring term that this offer came to Nell, so that she was to have a vacation, which she very much needed, before she entered upon her new vocation in the early autumn. It was during this vacation that Mrs. Dales was surprised by receiving a visit from our old acquaint-ance, Mrs. Melton. It was by no means a pleasure to Nell to again meet her old misress, whom she had not seen since she left the farm, seven years previous; she treated her courteously, however, as she was bound to do any one who came to the home of her friend. That Mrs. Melton had grown de-crepid, and wrinkled, and gray, since they last met, was evident at a glance, to Nell, but it was also equally evident, as soon as she began to speak that her tongue had lost

"Sakes alive! How master quaar things do turn out in this world. Here's our little brown-skinned Nell (staring at Nell through marry some o' these 'ere teacher fellers. Is the head one o' the 'Cademy a married man?" she asked, looking straight at Nell. Nell's stammered "No" was accompanied by such a vivid blush that Mrs. Melton burst

by such a vivid blush that are. Metton burst into a loud laugh.

"Wall, wall," she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak for laughing, as she turned to Mrs. Dales, "ef I ain't hit the nail on the head this time, I'll miss my guess. Sure as peas an' beans, that gal is dead in love with that feller a'ready."

"And well she may be," said Mrs. Dales

"And well she may be," said Mrs. Dales with spirit, as the door closed upon Nell's retreating figure, "for she has been engaged to Mr. Waite these three months. They would have been married this summer, had I not advised her to teach for a year or so. I thought it would be a good discipline for her, and a valuable experience in many respects. Mr. Waite is a very estimable man some five years her senior, and I am wholly satisfied with her prospects. But, Nell is worthy to be the wife of the noblest of men," and Mrs. Dales looked straight into the black eyes of her sister-in-law, with a curious expression.

Mrs. Melton evidently understood the meaning, for she answered disdainfully:

"I 'low you think so. Some folks are

allers master wall satisfied with the upshot o' their own doin's."- Woman's Journal.

A False Prophet.

at No. 281 of the Ligovka, St. Petersburg, has enjoyed among his friends and acquaintances the reputation of being a prophet sent from heaven for the especial purpose of announcing the exact date of the Redeemer's final reappearance upon earth, preparatory to the Issajeff-Anglice Isaiah-has been so profuse of prophecy that his vaticina-tions, carefully taken down and collected by his admirers, already fill four large quarto volumes, recently dedicated by him to the venerable Metropolitan Isidor, who has submitted them to the inspection of M. Janischeff, Director of the Ecclesiastical Academy. But until about a fortnight ago Issajeff had maintained a discreet silence with respect to the great event, the foretelling of which he alleged to be his peculiar mission. One day, however, he informed his followers that the end of all things had been fixed for the 15th inst., and proceeded to prove his own faith in that vaticination by selling his manufactory, houses, etc., and distributing the produce of their sale among the His example was strictly followed by his disciples, who, in accordance with his special instructions, stripped to their shirts early on the morning of the 15th, and in that uncommonly light marching order waited patiently all day long for the sounding of the last trump. As nothing of the sort came to pass, Issajeff's impoverished flock has renounced its belief in that prophet's predictions, all but nine unchangedly faithful sheep, who still regard him as divinely inspired, and to whom he continues to foretell future events as freely as ever .- London Telegraph.

A COLONY of 3,000 German Mennonites from Southern Russia is to settle in Delaware, where 5,000 acres of land have been bought for it.

PITH AND POINT.

"THE growth of corn depends a great deal upon where it is planted," remarked farmer Jogilt to his city friend. "Now, I have many acres and still wish for more." "Ah," sadly replied the visitor, "I have only one acher, but wish it were less."—Hackensack Republican.

THERE are more ways than one to keep a husband home evenings. The wife might put up a cask of beer in one corner of the dining-room, cover the floor with sand, and hire two or three dirty fellows to fill the room full of smoke from vile cigars. A woman with any sort of tact can make home as pleasant and cheerful as a beer saloon.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Well, I declare, I don't know what to preserve this fall!" exclaimed Mrs. Fussabout; "peaches is high and plums isn't worth putting up and quinces is as bad as hive sirup." There is no knowing how long she would have gone on, if Mr. F. had not suggested that she might preserve her temper for want of any thing better. Then she stopped. But he didn't. He left.—Boston Trans-

THINGS a man never forgets—his first snub, the first girl he ever kissed, his first night at the theater, his first pair of pants, the man who tipped him when he was at boy, his sensations upon smoking his first cigar, the nights when he used to kick his heels for two hours at the circus door, how much better he might have done in the world had he followed some other occupation, and, if he is a true man-his mother .- N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Be kind to the soap agent. He has a father, perhaps, and a mother, who knew him in his innocent youth. Per-haps even now, in some Western vilhaps even now, in some Western village, fond hearts are beating for him, and sweet lips breathe love's dearest prayers for his welfare. Therefore, lay him down tenderly, fold his hands peacefully on his breast, and close his eyes gently as you put him to rest under the branches of the weeping willow, where the birds carol all through the where the birds carol all through the summer days their softest songs. But plant him deep-plant him deep.-Danbury News.

it. But you—don't you, on your present salary, attempt to drink soup out of the side of your plate, if you wan't to marry an heiress. You can't afford to act that way just yet .- Burlington Hawkeye.

"Beriberi"-A Terrible Tropical Disease.

country or Europe, but little is known of it by local practitioners. Probably there is not one in the city who has ever I didn't. I said that he must be a seen a case of it before this week, and their only knowledge of it is that ob-tained from text-books, most of which also are equally in the dark regarding it, as shown by their silence. In view of the interest taken by leading practi-tioners and by the public in the disease, a Chronicle reporter on Sunday visited the Marine Hospital, where the patients suffering from the malady are being treated. It is generally conceded by the physicians, who have carefully watched every symptom of the disease since the men have been placed in the hospital, that there is not the slightest foundation for alarm or danger of contagion, and they also express themselves as highly indignant at the account given by a contemporaneous morning sheet, with the ridiculous statement in reference to the death of the patients, and also at the tone of the article, apparaffect only these men, who no doubt contracted it while in Japan, where it is well known. The disease, he believes, may be cured, although it is stated that the gen-For the last two years a well-to-do eral average of death would be thirty-manufacturer named Issajeff, residing five per cent. The Doctor is closely examining the patients, using every process known to medical science to aid him in discovering the true nature of the mal-

The reporter, in company with several leading physicians who happened to be present, entered the ward where the Along both sides of the ward are neat iron bedsteads, kept scrupulously clean, which the dark-visaged patients have I assured him that I hadn't had a occupied. There are eighteen of the marines and sailors of the Brazilian manof-war Vital d'Olivera in the hospital, and all but four are able to walk about: and on the arrival of the visitors most of them were sitting on the porch outside the ward, enjoying the pleasant, sunny afternoon. The men are all well developed, and look well enough; it is its poisonous grasp. Their swarthy, intelligent faces bear upon them the stamp of an almost pathetic pleading for help.

The flesh is in nowise discolored, nor is there any other sign of disease, save the very anxious expression of countenance. They follow the Doctor's directions with an almost despairing devotion, and since two of their fellows have died they have been more cast down, and their ex-pressions of countenance have taken on a still deeper hue of distress. They enjoy their meals, eating heartily of the food provided for them; suffer little pain, and have their full power of mind. They are very weak, however, and can not bear any fatigue. The four cases that are more seriously affected seem to have almost lost the will to move. They lie on their beds staring at those who but yet I believe that old man wasn't come near them, yet are too weak exactly what he ought to be.—M. Quad to talk or move. None of the men show in Detroit Free Press.

any signs of emaciation, nor does any part of the body betray, by mark or appearance, the presence of disease. During the reporter's visit one of the patients was disrobed and thoroughly examined by the following physicians, who have taken a deep interest in the cases: Drs. Hirschfelder, Adler, Kahn and Hebersnith. The patient was a man of modsnith. The patient was a man of moderate size, with muscles well developed, chest broad and deep, and gave evidence of being an unusually strong man. Yet so weak was he from the effects of the disease that he could hardly turn in his bed without assistance. His respiatory powers were weak and fitful, and although in no pain, apparently, the touch of the physician at the muscles seemed to make him wince. The treatment followed by Dr. Hebersnith is of a tonic and supporting kind, but the re-covery is in all cases slow and of long duration. The men are of a superior kind, being unusually neat and clean in their clothing, and they are highly spoken of by those who wait upon them, being extremely grateful for anything that is done for them. From what can be ascertained they have been fed on proper food and have been well taken care of; but the weather during their trip in the Orient has been foggy and wet, as well as extremely warm. The physicians, therefore, conclude that climatic influences have much to do with

He Was With Perry.

I FOUND an old man at Put-in-Bay the other day who knew all about Perry, and who claimed no little share of credit in the great victory. As we sat on a bench in the shade in front of the Bebes

House the old man led off with:
"Yes, I knew Commodore Perry. He

I took the hint and asked him if I should bring him a glass of water, but he shook his head in a solemn way and continued:

It is the man with only one suit of clothes and a small salary, my son, who has to be polite and agreeable and a rigid, faultless observer of the strictest points and forms of etiquette. The man worth \$50,000 may tramp on your on an actress. He didn't assume a fine clothes, and he never got mashed on an actress. He didn't assume a corns, walk across your wife's train, and freezing dignity, but yet he was a hard eat pie with a knife, and it is all right; man to work up to when you wanted to his standing in society isn't affected by borrow five dollars. Did you sak me to step over to the Bazaar, and take a glass of catawba, or was it the moan of the waves on the shore?"

I "waved" the question by asking him if he saw the naval battle off the

"Saw it! Why, I was there!" he indignantly replied. "I met the Commodore up at Erie a few days before, and THE Brazilian man-of-war Vital d'Oli-vera, which arrived in this port about a tle trip with him. I remember that he week ago, brought with her a terrible put his arms around me and said:

pretty old citizen to have participated in

Perry's fight. "Yes, purty old," he sighed. "I was 115 years old the tenth day of last month. I was saying to myself the other day that I'd got to quit running out nights with the boys. The fight took place over here to the left, just over the wine house on Bass Island, and after it was over we sailed in here and put in the drinks.
That's why they call it Put-in-Bay. I am awful dry about this time o' day." I offered to pour some water over him to wet him up, but he sweetly declined, and looked across the rolling bay and

said: "When we caught sight of the British fleet off there, the Commodore left it to me whether we should run or fight. The odds were against us, but I wanted to see a little fun, and so I advised him to also at the tone of the article, appar-ently written with a view to create alarm if I had said run, our fleet would have among the public generally. Dr. E. skulked away without firing a shot. I Hebersnith, the physician in charge of the hospital, states that he has made a asked it. An American citizen should close study of the disease, and it is no receive no praise for doing his duty. more contagious than scurvy, and it will That's the kind of a Dutch oven I am. You never drink wine, do you? "

I told him I never did except on holi-days; and after he had counted up the weeks to Thanksgiving, he dreamily continued:

"Perry wanted me to take command of the ship, but I refused. I wanted to be free to do a little shooting on my own account. As soon as I gave the word we bore down on the British, and the fight began. Perry was as white as a ghost; and this American nation can never be too thankful that I was there patients are being treated. The room is long, well lighted, and well ventilated. a hot day as to-day, and I was just about

> cent in my pocket for over six months, and he wiped away a tear of sympathy, and went on:

"I tell you, Smith's hair stood up when he saw us coming down on him?" "Smith?"

"Yes, Smith, the commander of the British fleet. Guess you never read up on the fight, did you? We didn't give him no chance to buy us off, but slam-banged away as fast as we could load only on approaching them and scanning them closely, that anything out of the ordinary can be detected. Their gait is and fire, and you know the result. When trembling, and in some cases they totter the fight was over and Perry realized along. The expression of the face, our good fortune he threw his arms nowever, is the safest indication that a around me and cried like a child. Yes, mysterious disease has bound them in he cried like a child, and then we took

that famous dispatch: "We have met

the enemy and they are ours."

"All bosh—every word bosh," he replied. "I was the bearer of that dispatch myself, and I was leaning on Perry's shoulder when he wrote it. It read as follows: 'I have licked Smith out of his boots, and whatever the bearer wants to drink can be charged to my account.' That's it, word for word. You never carry a bottle with you, eh?"

I gave him my neuralgia remedy, but he threw it after me and hit me in the